

Of all the Court and Princes of my blood,  
 The hope and expectation of thy time,  
 Is ruin'd, and the soule of euery man  
 Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall:  
 Had I so lauish of my presence beene,  
 So common hackneied in the eyes of men,  
 So stale and cheape to vulgar company,  
 Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne,  
 Had still kept loyall to possession,  
 And left me in reputelesse banishment.  
 A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,  
 By being seldome scene, I could not stirre,  
 But like a Comet I was wondred at,  
 That men would tell their Children, This is he:  
 Others would say, Where? Which is *Bullingbrook*?  
 And then I stole all courtiesse from heauen,  
 And drest my selfe in such humility,  
 That I did plucke allegiance from mens hearts:  
 Loud shoutes and salutations from their mouthes,  
 Euen in the presence of the crowned King.  
 Thus I did keepe my person fresh and new,  
 My presence like a robe pontificall,  
 Ne're scene, but wondred at, and to my state,  
 Seldome, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast  
 And wanne by rarenesse such solemnity.  
 The skipping King, he ambled vp and downe,  
 With shallow iesters, and rash bawin wits,  
 Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,  
 Mingled his royalty with carping fooles;  
 Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,  
 And gaue his countenance against his name,  
 To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push  
 Of euery beardlessse vaine comparatiue,  
 Grew a companion to the common streets,  
 Enforc't himselfe to popularity,  
 That being daily swallowed by mens eyes,  
 They surfeited with hony, and began to loath  
 The taste of sweetnesse, whereof a little,

More

More then a little, is by much too much.  
 So when he had occasion to bee scene,  
 He was, but as the Cuckow is in Iune,  
 Heard, not regarded: scene but with such eyes  
 As sicke and blunted with community,  
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
 Such as is bent on sun-like Maiesty,  
 When it shines seldome in admiring eyes,  
 But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe,  
 Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect,  
 As cloudy men vse to doe to their aduersaries.  
 Being with his presence, glutted, gorgde, and full.  
 And in that very line, *Harry*, standest thou,  
 For, thou hast lost thy Princely priuledge,  
 With vile participation. Not an eye  
 But is a weery of thy common sight,  
 Saue mine, which hath desired to see thee more,  
 Which now doth that I would not haue it done,  
 Make blind it selfe with foolish tenderesse.

*Prin.* I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,  
 Be more my selfe. *King.* For all the world  
 As thou art to this houre, was *Richard* then,  
 When I from *France* set foore at *Ramenburg*,  
 And euen as I was then, is *Percy* now:  
 Now by my scepter, and my soule to boote:  
 He hath more worthy interest to the state  
 Then thou, the shadow of succession,  
 For of no right nor colour like to right  
 He doth fill fields with Harnesse in the Realme,  
 Turnes head against the Lyons armed lawes,  
 And being no more in debt to yeeres then thou,  
 Leads ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on,  
 To bloody battels, and to brusing armes.  
 What neuer-dying honour hath he got,  
 Against renowned *Douglas*? whose high dredes,  
 Whose hot incursions and great name in Armes,  
 Holds from all souldiers chiefe Maiority,  
 And military title capitall,

G